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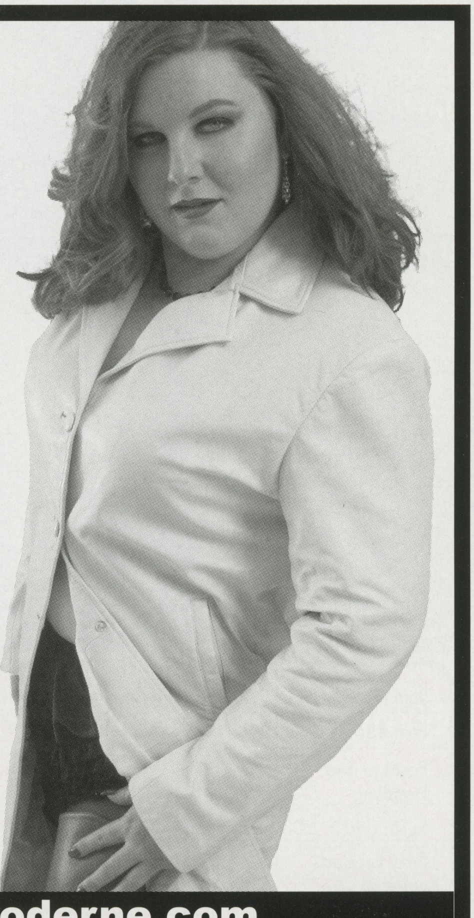

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Volume18 . Issue04

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Equal Opportunity Lovin'

Hey, some of my best friends are bisexual! But it's no secret that tension exists between the lesbo team players and the switch hitters. Don't believe me? Check Craigslist, or log on to any lezzie chat room and annouce yourself as bi and looking for a date. What is it about the semi-sapphic sisters that gets dyke boxers in a wad? Do dykes really view bi babes as heartbreakers destined to leave them for the next big schlong that walks by? Well, we rounded up six hot, opinionated dykes and asked them why they do—or don't—fuck ladies of the bisexual persuasion.

Once you've figured that all out, turn to page 30 to read Michelle Tea's interview with lesbo orgasm providers Rachel Venning and Claire Cavanah of Toys in Babeland. Then on page 11, Rachel gives us a taste of her toy expertise. And finally, on page 46, readers confess (gasp!) that they need a little perviness to really get them going.

XOXO,

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Editor

P.S. How do you like our new glossy paper?

ALANA DIMARIA

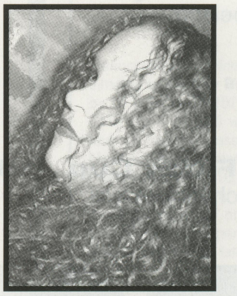
Rachel Bussel, one of my favorite bi dykes helps touch up my lipstick.

contributors

Queer, kinky lady **Alissa Chadburn** did thorough research for her first video review for **On Our Backs** (p. 20). "I've watched more porn in the last month than I have in my whole life!" she says. When she's not writing about sex she manages the archives and writes for the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. She spends her time reading, modeling, and playing with her two kitties.

Comic book artist and illustrator (see page 38) **Colleen Coover**'s smutty, dyke-themed comic book *Small Favors* is cute as the dickens and loved the world over. The Iowa City resident's current projects include a comic book for all ages titled *Banana Sunday*, with writer Paul Tobin, and illustrations for **On Our Backs** editor Diana Cage's upcoming book on the art of cunnilingus, *Box Lunch*.

Shar Rednour got dykes to talk bisexuality for the article on page 28. She co-owns the lesbian porn company SIR Video with her wife Jackie Strano and loves eating salty, skinny fries and drinking Shartinis while listening to the interesting tales of dykes from across our motley land. She's not bisexual in the traditional sense, but she's hot for both butches and femmes, which makes her feel more from Venus than the average bi dyke.



Author of *Oui, Chef* (p. 38), **Joy VanNuys**, is a chef and writer who lives in Brooklyn, New York. She is obsessed with food, sex, and sex with food. "Making up dirty stories gets me through long nights in front of the stove. It's all about heat." Her work has recently appeared in *Nervy Girl*, *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica*, and *Grunt and Groan*, and will appear in *Best American Erotica 2004*. Visit Joy on the web at www.JoyVanNuys.com.

On Our Backs intern **Shawn Tamaribuchi** had a bad cold the day she was scheduled to photograph the mouthy dykes at our bisexual roundtable (p. 28). Lucky for us, the dedicated trooper dragged her butt out of bed. "I enjoyed the opportunity to document some familiar faces and big names," she says. "I had a great time listening to interesting discourse."

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Best Brett

Thank you to Shiloh Burton for the wonderful photography of Brett and Heidi (October/November 2003). Brett is absolutely gorgeous. She is perfectly built and one can tell from the photos that she knows exactly how to get what she wants! That is one bad boi that I would love to take home. Heidi was also very stunning!

Kathy [last name withheld]
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Touched by an Angel

Please tell Angel, the beautiful nude butch in the August/September 2003 issue, that she has an admirer on the East Coast. She is gorgeous.

Joy Phillips
Washington, D.C.

I recently bought your magazine for the first time and I just love the spread that features the sexy nude Angel. She is beautiful and her spirit shines through her smile. Please feature more beautiful butch lesbians like Angel. She's a gift from above.

Joyous Femme
Washington, D.C.

Will Angel appear again in any upcoming issues? I'd like to see her posing in a wet tank-top, some boxers, and Timberland boots, or soaking wet and wrapped in a towel that just barely covers her breasts.

Kathy [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Cocks Populi

In response to the letter claiming that my packing suggestions were outdated ("Picky Packer," October/November 2003)—just because I like Vixen's Johnny to pack and fuck with does not mean I am a careless writer, have outdated info (although at 37 I may be older), or wear my "pants three sizes too big." I've spent the past ten years talking with people in our stores and online about dildos and packing, along with other sex topics. Due to the need for rigorous product testing I've tried nearly every dick out there—I've got one of the best jobs ever. If Name Withheld likes a jelly rubber cock for packing, that's great. I prefer Johnny. Kudos for putting out recommendations and experiences to the community. But there is no need to disparage others; there isn't one right way.

Rachel Venning, Toys in Babeland
Oakland, California

Dykes Locked Up

The Tucson, Arizona LGBT community center keeps **On Our Backs** locked up inside a small cabinet. I have asked them repeatedly to put it out with the rest of the library, but they refuse, stating that it's illegal for people under 18 to view such material. However, you will find many erotically charged gay men's magazines lying about, as well as a huge selection of erotic fiction. Even within magazines like *The Advocate*, one finds barely clothed men in sexually provocative poses.

Jim Ru
Tucson, Arizona

Vampire Virtuoso

I was glad to see *Daughters of Darkness* mentioned in Diana Cage's article "Horny Halloween Flicks" (October/ November 2003). However, Cage states "the story itself is based on the notorious Elizabeth Bathory—a Hungarian countess who slaughtered thousands of virgins in order to bathe in their blood, thinking it would prolong her youth." Actually, the Countess' victims ran in the hundreds rather than the thousands. Cage also repeats, as does *Daughters of Darkness*, the myth that Bathory bathed in blood thinking it was an anti-wrinkling agent. In fact there is no evidence that the murderous Countess bathed in or drank blood or that her crimes were motivated by a desire to keep her complexion youthful. If anyone is interested in finding out the truth behind the legends, I invite them to read the story about Elizabeth Bathory that I have posted to the Crime Library Web site.

Denise Noe
Atlanta, Georgia

Sex, Interrupted

In response to "Sex, Drugs and Getting Off" (August/September 2003), my girlfriend has been on Welbutrin for about two years. The doctor changed her prescription after we complained that other medications were ruining our sex life. She had a similar reaction to Zoloft as described in the article. Also, she had a very difficult time reaching orgasm. I want to encourage readers to talk to their doctor very frankly about sex. Unless we stand up for ourselves and very clearly tell the medical profession that sexual side effects are not okay with us, they'll never know and will continue to medicate away our libidos.

MaryAnn Martin
Via the Internet

Miss Understood

The cover of the October/November 2003 **On Our Backs** looks fine, but there is one big mistake. I am *Playboy*'s Miss November 1992, not Miss September. How could this error have been overlooked?

Stephanie Adams
Brooklyn, New York

The editors respond: Clearly we were so dazzled by Adams's photos, we had trouble reading her bio.

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Needles and Pins

by Tristan Taormino

illustration by Fish

I recently participated in a leather tradition called Stations of the Cross, in which a group of experienced players came to demonstrate their favorite SM activities–a sort of kinky show and tell. The idea behind it was to create an environment for newbies to see and experience a potpourri of perversion: paddling, hot wax, bondage, play piercing, sensory deprivation, and lots more. I watched as a leatherman shaved a boy's head with a straight razor for the first time, and as a slave was mummified in saran wrap. Each mini scene was educational, titillating, and sometimes magical for the participants and voyeurs.

I was Mistress of Female Genitorture—think clips, clamps, pointy things, and anything else that can create focused sensation on all parts of the pussy. Surprisingly, people passed right by my station! They were curious, but they were scared.

Eventually, a shy but perky boi approached my area and eyed all the various implements I had laid out. She had fine brown hair cut in a bob, bright blue eyes, and a squeezable ass. We chatted briefly, then I told her to undress and stand against the cross. I kneeled in front of her, slipped my fingers around her plump outer labia and pressed firmly, then tugged a little. I moved to the slick inner lips and did the same. She squirmed a little, so I pinched harder. She gasped, then giggled.

One by one, I put bright red plastic clothespins on sections of her pussy, until she had a dozen, six on each side. Then I pulled out a special pair: shiny silver magnetic clothespins. My mom put them in my stocking for Christmas. "Won't those be useful?" she said, imagining me clipping important documents to the filing cabinet in my office. "Oh, yes they will," I smirked. The magnets were heavier than their plastic counterparts and pulled her labia down when I put them on. I added little weights to the metal clothespins, and soon she had several of them hanging from her lips. I tapped on the clothespins, ran my fingers across them like they were piano keys, sending shivers up and down her spine.

Next I whipped her privates with a small, pink suede flogger. Each time I struck a clothespin or two, it created another sensation between her legs. I then attached two purple miniature hair clips shaped like butterfly wings to the hood of her clitoris. She squealed as the little teeth of the clips closed around her bud. I rubbed her cunt slowly, to soothe her.

> "i BLINDFOLDED HER and TOLD HER that i had a very special genitorture device FOR HER because she had been such A GOOD BOI."

Flirting, I winked at her as I stroked her clit, wanting her to trust me. Then I fastened a pair of nipple clamps on her inner lips and whipped out one of my favorite patent leather 6-inch-platform-heeled shoes. Her eyes grew wide. She obviously had no idea what I had in store for her. I told her to squat and fastened the strap of the shoe to the chain that lead from one clamp to the other. The shoe stood on the ground between her legs and I commanded her to stand up slowly. As she did, the shoe came off the ground suspended by the chain. I tapped it, and it began to swing gently; as it swung, it pulled on the clamps and her pussy lips, and she moaned.

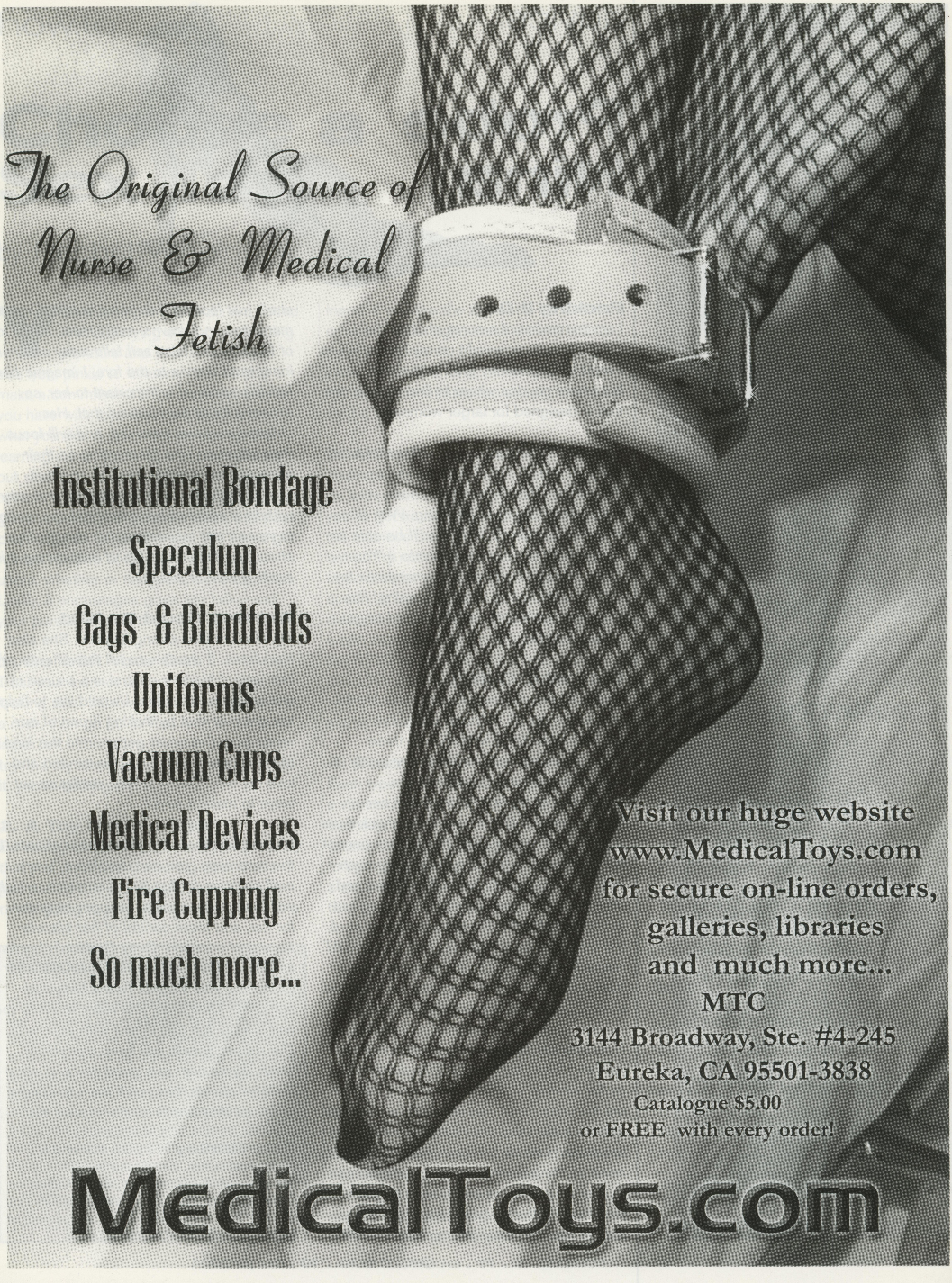
I blindfolded her and told her that I had a very special genitorture device for her because she had been such a good boi. Before the event, I went to Toys R Us and got a high-powered "Super Soaker" water gun. I filled it with water, then stood back from her. I'm sure she was expecting some menacing vice or a stingy whip. I pushed the pump to create air pressure in the barrel, pressed the trigger and a stream of water shot out straight to her clit. She jumped, shocked by the force of the water; when her brain caught up to her body's reaction, she was grinning. I shot at her cunt a few more times, until she was thoroughly soaked.

A puddle at her feet, I told her it was time to take off all the clips. Having experienced this from the other end, I know that there is initial pain when a clamp first goes on, then circulation stops and you just feel pressure. However, when they come off minutes later, the blood immediately rushes to the parts that were pinched off, creating a searing pain that can be pleasurable for some, almost intolerable for others, and intense no matter what. As each one came off, I pressed against the indents it left in her flesh, trying to sooth the pain. She breathed deeply.

"Good boi," I reassured. She nearly collapsed in my arms as the last one came off, and I helped her over to a comfy chair so she could relax.

"Thank you, Mistress," she said, and I handed her the bright yellow and orange water gun. "A memento," I said, water dribbling out the toy's hole onto her inner thigh. **oob**

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.



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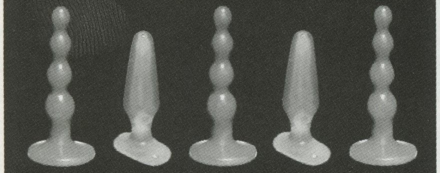

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CHLOE ATKINS

Packing It On

I am somewhat of a curvy, chubby girl. I carry most of my weight on my hips and ass. I want to surprise my lover with a strap-on, but I have no idea where to find a good one that is designed for larger women.

Check out Stormy Leather's Crown leather harness, which fits hips or bellies up to 60 inches. The dildo will fit above your pubic bone, for easier fucking. With three interchangeable O rings, you'll be able to fit the dong of your dreams into it. You can order this harness from many sex toy catalogs, including Grand Opening! I'm sure your girlfriend will be thrilled to get fucked by you.

Old Folks' Outing

I am a 46-year-old woman who has lived a lesbian life for 27 of those years. I've recently fallen for a woman with three daughters who has previously been only in straight marriages. Our friends are supportive of us, but I believe that her friends and family will be in for a shock if we begin a real relationship. The whole concept of where we are heading is causing much inner examination for her. What books and resources are there for women coming out at midlife? We live in a conservative part of the country where there are not many LGBT resources. I want to help make this transition easy for her, because I have found a woman I would like to grow old with.

How wonderful that you've found a life partner. There are many books written by/for women at similar life stages; one of my favorites—and very relevant to your love interest's life story—is From Wedded Wife to Lesbian Life *by Deborah Abbott. You'll need all the patience and strength you can muster as you serve as midwife through her change. You've had many years to accept and celebrate your sexuality while she's just looking into being public. Expect many ups and downs, many tears, and a lot of fears as her false self falls away and her inner truth comes to the fore. I imagine her family's approval is important to her, so expect a lot of pain around that. Her children may feel betrayed, and will focus their anger on you. Depending on their ages, visitation rights may be an issue. She's straddling two worlds now and may withdraw some of her emotional connection to you as she focuses on her needs. This should be temporary. Good luck during this exciting time of change.*

Wet and Would-Be Wild

My wife urinates during orgasm. She also ejaculates. (I am able to tell the difference.) Her lack of bladder control is a source of embarrassment for her; I would like to help her get over that by making it part of our erotic play. I've never gotten in to this kind of thing before, but I'm open-minded and love my wife. Can you help me figure out ways to make it sexy?

I have two words for you: rubber sheets. In the meantime, you can develop a "work out" program for her Kegel muscles, which will have two benefits: stronger orgasms for her, and more control of her ejaculations and urination. Betty Dodson's books and tapes provide excellent instruction for exercising your Kegels (www.bettydodson.com). Until then, just learn to enjoy the wet, messy fun that is sex with your wife. The rubber sheets will keep everything clean. Syren.com is a good place to shop for latex sheets, but you'll have to special order, as they aren't on the regular list.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Choose a Sex Toy

by Rachel Venning

You wanna get your buzz on. Faced with a dizzying array of undulating vibrators and dildos, ranging in size from pinkie to forearm, how do you make a commitment? The more experience you have with toys the more you'll know what you like. If you want to race up that learning curve, you'll have to cram. Straight-out sluttiness is one way to go; another is to have a toy swap with friends. A toy swap gives you and your posse a chance to pass playthings on to new homes. You'll also get honest reviews of the goods from past users, whether or not you choose to adopt. Lastly, it encourages great sex talk—and your pursuit of pleasure.

1. Go with Your Gut

Trust your instinct when choosing toys. If looking at or thinking about a toy gives you a rush, then go for it. That rush is the most important information you can get about a toy. If a toy turns you on just thinking about it, you're halfway there.

2. A Toy Has No Ego

Be willing to make mistakes. If you get a toy that you don't like, it's no big deal, that's just part of the learning process. If you're never going to play with it again, give it to a friend. If you like the toy, but it felt awkward or wasn't quite right, mess around with it: make adjustments, use more lube. If the vibration is too strong, muffle it with a pillow. If it penetrates too deeply, choke up on it a bit.

MOOD LIGHTING YOUR TOY

Your moods can influence your response to sex toys–and sex in general, for that matter. Stress, hormones, lack of foreplay or arousal, or other factors may make you less responsive to a gadget that, at another time and place, would make your toes curl. If the goal of your sex life is to feel happy, alive, great in your body, and connected to your partner, don't fixate on getting fucked with a certain size dildo, stuffed with a specific butt plug, or even served up with an orgasm. Sex toys are just tools to facilitate the good feelings, not ends in themselves.

3. Attitude Adjustment Hour

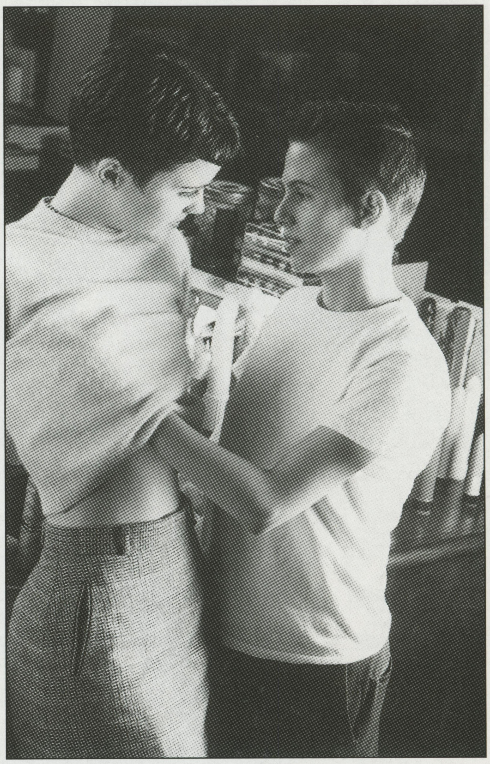
Your attitude toward the toy has so much to do with whether you enjoy it or not. If you've got an attitude of playful anticipation, the chances the toy will be fun are a lot better. Try not to assume the toy is going to do it all for you. Being a lay-back queen, in fact, puts you at high risk for disappointment. For masturbation, your erotic imagination is more important than the RPMs of the vibe or the heft of the dildo. For partner sex, building energy with your lover is what elevates the fuck to star-spinning levels.

4. Buzz by the Numbers

Each type of toy has its own checklist. For a vibrator, the most important features are intensity, shape, and size (and maybe noise). If you come easily, you can probably forego the powerful plug-in models and get a smaller, battery-driven one. For penetration, get a curved toy, which targets the G spot. If you have a harder time coming, don't mess around with "slimline" and "rocket" models: go straight for the Magic Wand. That said, no toy chest is complete without a little vibrating bullet. They can be tucked in harnesses, pressed to the base of butt plugs, rubbed on nipples—and they travel light.

5. Size Queens

Dildos are all about size and material. Silicone is the standard: firm and resilient, heat retaining, easy to clean, and available in a huge range of colors and shapes. If you are picking a dildo to get fucked with (or to fuck yourself), go with your gut on the size. If you're picking one to use on various others, get one that is sexy to you and is about average size. If you have a number of partners, get a few different sizes. Many folks like different sizes for anal and vaginal penetration.



MICHELE SERCHUK

6. Check Your Booty

Speaking of anal, don't forget the butt toys! Rubber beads, slender dildos, and smallish butt plugs are a good place to start. The same principles apply: go with your gut, be willing to make some mistakes, and ask your friends what they recommend.

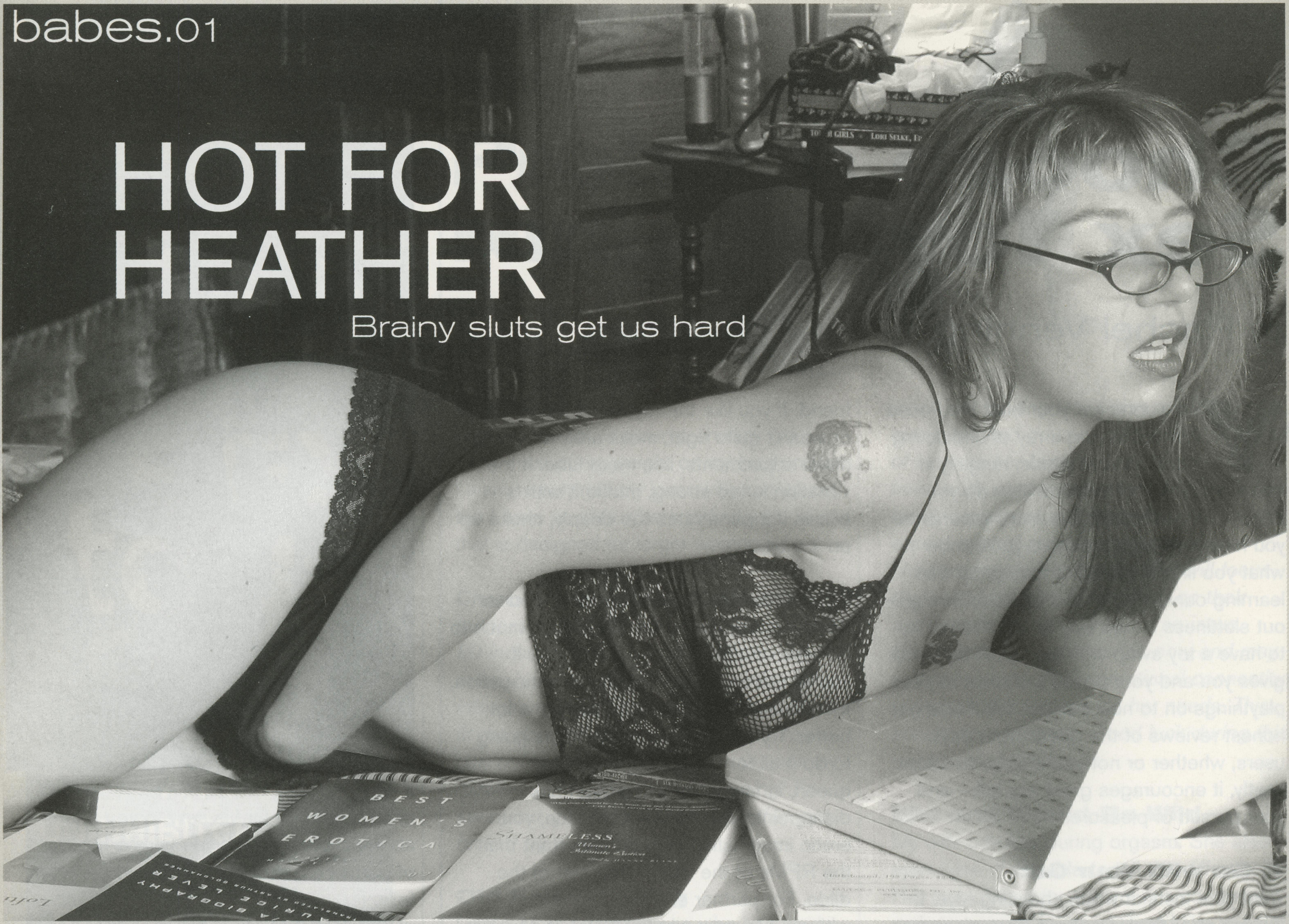
7. To Each Her Own Lube

Lube is a necessary ingredient for long sessions of penetrative sex. There are always trade-offs with lube: how long it lasts, consistency, taste, color, natural, or unnatural ingredients. The best thing to do is to get little bottles or pillow packs of a bunch of types and try them each out. Have a party and invite your friends. But don't expect consensus, 'cause people are different. The lube that my co-author Claire likes makes me numb. She says my fave tastes bad.

Rachel Venning is the co-founder of the sex toy store Toys in Babeland and the co-author of *Sex Toys 101: A Playfully Uninhibited Guide.*

HOT FOR HEATHER

Brainy sluts get us hard



Heather Corinna

self-portraits

Name: Heather Corinna
Age: 33
Occupation: Sex activist, pinup photographer and self-portraitist, writer and webweaver
Identity: Bent (preferably over)
Status: Single and on the prowl
Location: Minneapolis
Favorite sex toy: My left hand
Sex act she can't live without: Hot and heavy kissing. Firm hands tight in my hair or gripping my ass, tongues tangled, warm breath; I could make out all day, every day, and always still want more.
What kind of girls she goes for: Suave, sly, and beautifully butch.
How does a girl catch her eye: With a slow grin or a great swagger... but hiring a mariachi band to serenade me would also do quite nicely.
What gets her off: Hungry mouths, mischievous eyes, filthy mouths, dirty minds, deep laughter, honesty, spontaneous combustion, and joie de vivre.
Favorite spots for sex: Seedy motels, libraries, kitchen counters, hard floors, backseats, my own bed, and anywhere with great acoustics.
Where she likes to masturbate: Under an attentive gaze. **dc**

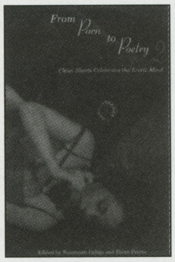
Dyke
Alma Marceau
Lofting

LIQUID SILK
LORI SELKE, ED.
TRANSGEN
KRAFFT-EBING
PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS
BIRTH CONTROL
SADE/A BIOGRAPHY
MAURICE LEVER
Sade
SEX WITHOUT FEAR!
SUSIE BRIGHT
SEXUAL STATE OF THE UNION
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
of Masturbation
Martha Cornog
Butch

WOMEN'S EROTICA
The BIG Book of Masturbation
From Angst to Zeal
Alma Marceau
Lolita
to Understanding and Helping
Editor
Unusual

From Porn to Poetry 2: Clean Sheets Celebrates the Erotic Mind

edited by Susannah Indigo
and Brian Peters
[Samba Mountain Press]



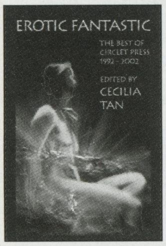
This libidinous multi-genre collection focuses on submissive straight and bi gals, with plenty to titillate dyke subs and doms. Most of the essays fall flat, but the poetry is exquisitely erotic, and the fiction a thrill. Standouts include the bitingly satirical "I, Claudia," about an aspiring international blow job champ, and the sub girl-dom boy piece "All I Want Is Everything," which is eminently worth whacking off to. Oodles of pussy-eating, cock-sucking, and unprotected sex of all varieties add something for every taste.

Bottom line: slutty subs of all stripes. **mp**

Erotic Fantastic: The Best of Circlet Press 1992-2002.

edited by Cecilia Tan
[Circlet Press]

Circlet Press is the only publishing company that exclusively prints erotic sci-fi, and a few of the stories in this collection are quite good. Francesca Lia Block spins an ethereal tale of teenage femme/fag lust in "Milagro," Raven Kaldera details the adventures of a sassy trans topman in "Cyberfruit Swamp," Laura Antoniou puts a beautiful sapphic spin on Jewish folktales in "Shayna Maidel," and Gary Bowen treats us to a hilarious story of royal genderfuck in "Heir Apparent." However, many other pieces in this collection fall short. I love dangerous situations and impossible settings in sexy stories, but they need to be grounded by a down-to-earth narrative voice that makes them believable. I don't know if it's a sci-fi thing, or an editing thing, but few of the authors failed to make me really *believe* in their stories, and that left me disappointed.



Bottom line: mixed bag of tricks. **gdv**

Peculiar Passions, or The Treasure of Mermaid Island

by Ruby Vise
[Red Hot Diva]

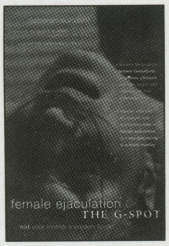
Peculiar Passions
Treasure of Mermaid Island
Ruby Vise

Set in 1670, this very dirty, intriguing, and unexpectedly moving tale tells the story of Jack and Elizabeth. Each was given a special locket by her mother, containing a partial map to Mermaid Island. Elizabeth's mother has died and her prospects are dim because of her father's debts. She visits her maid every night in her bed, and dreads her impending marriage. Jack (born Jacqueline) has been dressed as a boy since a young age, and with a wooden dildo completing her disguise, none of the women she beds knows the difference. Jack ends up on a pirate ship, and Elizabeth ends up in a marriage of convenience—only to eventually join up with Jack and find buried treasure, all the while enjoying the delights of sapphic sex.

Bottom line: sexy sapphic escapism. **rkb**

Female Ejaculation & the G-Spot

by Deborah Sundahl
[Hunter House]



Deborah Sundahl (a.k.a. "Fanny Fatale"), co-founder of **On Our Backs** and Fatale Video, has made videos and educated women about their G spots for the past decade. Here, she gathers her research and knowledge to help women discover (or rediscover) the full potential of their G spots.

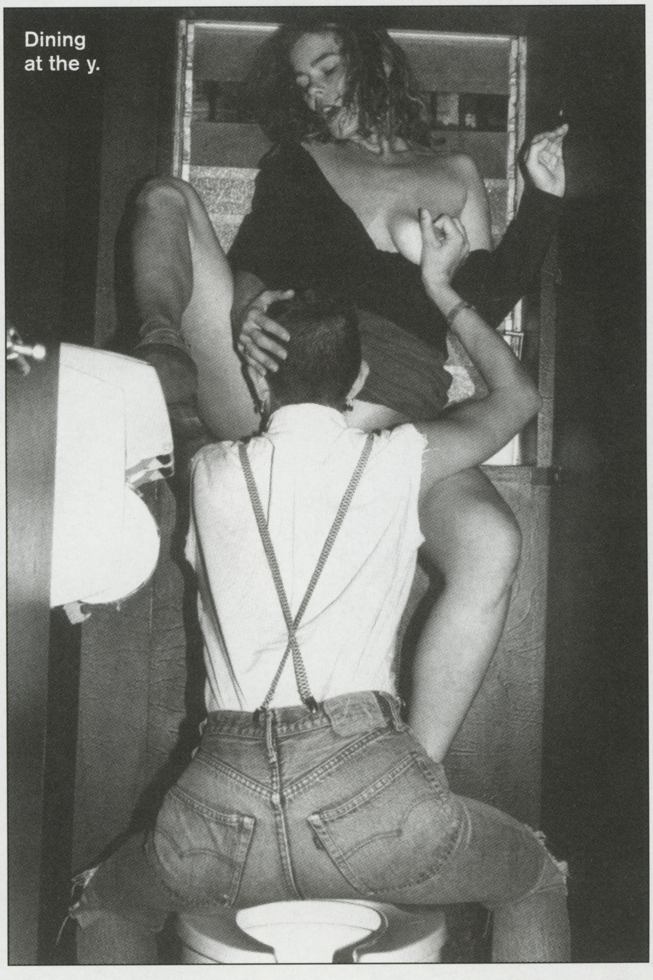
According to Sundahl, the G spot is a central and vital part of women's sexuality; all women have one and can learn to access it for astounding emotional orgasms, ejaculation, and sexual healing. She also covers the basics of what female ejaculation is, its history, ejaculating with or without an orgasm, G spot massage, and getting to know your G spot (hint: it's not an overnight process). Though aimed primarily at straight women, lesbians can learn a lot about their G spots and the power they hold.

Bottom line: G spot info, in glorious detail. **rkb**

Sex Toys 101: A Playfully Uninhibited Guide

by Rachel Venning
and Claire Cavanah
[Simon and Schuster]

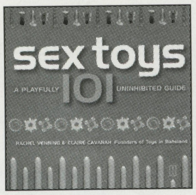
Rachel Venning and Claire Cavanah, co-owners of Toys in Babeland, have written a cute, comprehensive, and totally entertaining guide to the world of sexual pleasure. The book is decorated with fancy, colorful, kaleidoscopic pics of cute little sex toys laid out in secretly smutty mandala designs. It's so clean, and



Dining at the y.

From *Photo Sex*

bright, and full of exciting plastic potential, it feels a bit like a Tupperware catalog—and I love Tupperware! The book is definitely artsy enough for the coffee table, but informative enough to be taken seriously as a source of sexual expertise. The great art design really makes topics—like anal sex and BDSM—that might make more conservative readers blush, seem inviting.


sex toys 101
A PLAYFULLY UNINHIBITED GUIDE
RACHEL VENNING & CLAIRE CAVANAH Founders of Toys in Babeland

Bottom line: real sex info, playfully dressed. **dc**

Photo Sex: Fine Art Sexual Photography Comes of Age

edited by David Steinberg

[Down There Press]

By compiling this collection, frequent **On Our Backs** contributor David Steinberg has effectively created a culture of sexual photographers out of a group of radical individuals. The thirty-one photographers in this book—including **On Our Backs** favorites like Michele Serchuk, Michael Rosen, Barbara Nitke, Phyllis Christopher, Tee A. Corinne, Jill Posener, and Lee Ann McGuire—document sexual connection in all the myriad ways that it occurs. What we see is sexual attraction, and sexual activity, as it manifests naturally among people, something so rarely portrayed—that at first we may not recognize what we are seeing, because we can't find the tell-tale signs (fake tits, huge penises, fake orgasmic looks) that we are seeing sexual photography. The images in this book capture the beauty and magnificence of real sex. Even as queers, even as sex radicals, we will learn about sex from looking at these ground-breaking portraits.

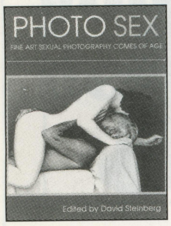


PHOTO SEX
FINE ART SEXUAL PHOTOGRAPHY COMES OF AGE
Edited by David Steinberg

Bottom line: radical, beautiful, sexual art. **dc**

review staff [read.it, try.it, + click.it]

rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
dc . Diana Cage
gdv . Gina de Vries
mg . Myriam Gurba
mp . Marissa Pareles

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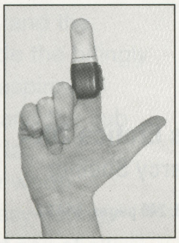
Special Holiday Gift Guide

We asked our naughtiest staff members what sexy toys they were hoping to get their hot little hands on this holiday season. We hope the answers will give you some ideas for seducing your sweetie.

Rani Goel
graphic designer
Fukuoko 9000



Rani wants the tiny, ergonomic Fukuoku 9000. Powered by watch batteries, this tiny vibe fits over the tip of your finger, allowing you to use your finger like a vibrator. Made by Fukuoko, $19.95

Michele Serchuk
associate photographer
Thigh Cuffs

Leather-loving kinkoid that she is, Michelle wants a pair of foxy, deluxe Thigh Cuffs made by Leather by Danny. $95

Diana Cage
editor
Corsette Harness

This pretty strap-on Corsette Harness made by Sport Sheets has garter attachments and a lace-up corsette-inspired back piece for fashionable fucking. $51

Rachel Kramer Bussel
editorial assistant
Swarovski Crystal Encrusted Riding Crop

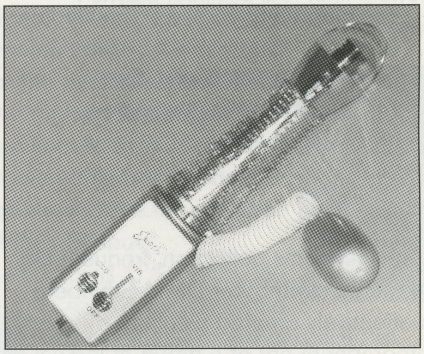
Agent Provocateur's foxy, crystal handled riding crop will make Rachel into a Bitch Goddess. $220

Mignon Freeman
assistant editor, Girlfriends
Rosebud Decorative Butt Plug

Mignon loves these gorgeous butt plugs made by artist Julian Snelling. They have gemstones set into the base, like jewelry for your ass. $75.95

Heather Petrocelli
circulation director
Video Voyeur

There is a tiny video camera in the end of this vibrating probe. It plugs right into your television and lets you look deep inside your cunt, bringing a new level of entertainment to reality TV. Made by California Exotic Novelties. $199



Sid Mahnke
Account manager
Bobbi Sue

Sid wants a Bobbi Sue dildo by Vixen Creations. It's got a hollow base that perfectly fits a bullet vibrator, turning it into a vibrating dildo that both partners can feel during strap-on sex. $48.50

click.it

Robinstlaurents.com

From behind her lens, Robin St. Laurents waits for the perfect moment to capture a woman in orgiastic bliss, when the model's reality becomes the photographer's art. Some of her galleries contain artfully posed women reminiscent of Georgia O'Keefe's paintings, lilies contrasted against their open lips and tucked into the folds between their legs. Others are stark representations of real lesbian sex that are faithful to detail and women's emotions. **mg**

Eat out more often

Ashleyfontenot.com

Ashley Fontenot's online portfolio is a simple but naughty indulgence—a beautiful, fetishy, and kink-filled photo collection of nude and semi-nude girls. While Fontenot's work is erotically charged, it also has a stylized feminine edge, a kind of artistic modernity that sets her apart from other photographers. Fontenot combines rich, bright colors with modern industrial backgrounds, funky lights, and of course, sexy chicks. Her work is more hip erotic art than blasé mainstream porn. **mg**

Bernadinism.com

In Bernadine's world, breasts are a great place to tie helium-filled balloons and an ass is a great place for a plastic spatula. Bernadine's images are delightfully kitsch, full of loud colors, whimsical surprises, and the occasional freak. Bernadine's work is undoubtedly complex, able to simultaneously evoke such varied reactions as fear, desire, repulsion, and a good belly laugh. **mg**

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Artful Porn

High production values make these dirty videos stand out

by Alissa Chadburn

I don't know about you, but it takes a lot more than scripted sex between a couple of naked girls to get me off. I enjoy images that are compelling not only for their lascivious content but also for their sheer visual pleasure. Too bad the mainstream porn industry does not share my aesthetic most of the time—check the shelves of your local video store and you'll find that the phrase *artistic porn* might as well be an oxymoron. Most skin flicks are riddled with bad lighting, unimaginative sets, and lackluster cinematography. But hidden among the stacks of low-quality smut are gems that transcend the genre. From slick and ultra-glossy to dyke-made art-house cinema, these erotic films and videos aim for high art.

Blond and Brunettes

dir. Andrew Blake
[Studio A Entertainment, 2001]

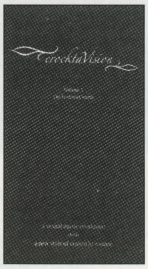
ANDREW BLAKE
BLOND & BRUNETTES

If you think that mainstream porn doesn't have much to offer arty types, Andrew Blake will make you think again. Self-described erotic artist and former fashion photographer Blake is known for bringing an artistic, high-fashion sensibility to the porn world. With his characteristic style of glossy high-quality images, imaginative cinematography, lavish sets, and exquisite costumes, Blake's films always stand out from the average porn fare. In dreamy slow motion and high-speed grainy black and white, Blake's cinematic sequences lovingly linger on his subjects, capturing every detail of the female form. Like most Blake films, *Blond and Brunettes* is thin on plot and high on dominance, submission, and fetish. Porn stars Anita Blonde and Aria Giovanni star in this all-girl "lifestyles of the rich, beautiful, and sexually perverse," with the streets of Rome as the enchanting setting for their raunchy romps. In a breathy voiceover, Aria details her descent into debauchery led by the firm hand of Mistress Anita and her ever-willing assistants. With bondage and discipline, girl-on-girl action, and even some pony play, Aria's journey of sexual awakening takes a surprising turn when she learns how to take the reins herself.

Bottom line: a fetish-wear feast.

Erocktavision, Volume 1: The Lesbian Couple

dir. Dana Dane
[Dana Dane Productions, 2002]

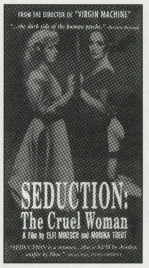


Newcomer to the lesbian porn scene Dana Dane has created an authentic by-lesbians-for-lesbians erotic video. Driven by a diva house music soundtrack, stars Cameron Cruz and Niki Clover are like Energizer bunnies who endlessly suck and fuck in every room (and even outdoors by the pool) of a modern mansion. With no plot, repetitive fucking, bad lighting, and an overuse of digital effects, *Erocktavision* could use some serious editing. One low-light is a negative and solarized scene of sporty soft butch Clover donning some chaps and riding a horse, intercut with scenes of fucking. To their credit, Cruz and Clover's chemistry is convincing and they show much enthusiasm in their multiple double-headed dildo, strap-on, and pussy-licking scenes. Cruz also squirts not once but twice during the meandering course of the video.

Bottom line: well-intentioned lesbian porn.

Seduction: The Cruel Woman

dirs. Monika Treut and Elfi Mikesch
[Hyena Films, 1985]


FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "VIRGIN MACHINE"
"...the dark side of the human psyche."
SEDUCTION:
The Cruel Woman
A Film by ELFI MIKESCH and MONIKA TREUT

A psychological thriller and a powerfully erotic film, Monika Treut's (*Female Perversions, Gendernauts*) first feature was highly controversial for its startling portrayal of dominance and submission, sadism and masochism. Loosely based on Sacher-Masoch's classic S/M tale *Venus in Furs*, *Seduction* is a stunning and haunting tale of a demanding dominatrix, Wanda, who runs a gallery/house of domination in which she directs her ensemble of submissive subjects to perform erotic acts for viewers. Wanda is a tyrant and Gregor is her male slave who makes the mistake of falling in love with her and, of course, is punished dearly for it. Justine is the bratty ingenue who Wanda takes in as her new lover and submissive, much to the chagrin of Wanda's girlfriend, a shoe saleswoman with a serious high heel fetish. Intense blues and reds, atmospheric lighting, and surreal dream sequences make Wanda's world into an ethereal universe with the industrial waterfront of Hamburg, Germany, as its eerie backdrop. There is no explicit sex but with hot psychological play and gorgeous cinematography, this hot, moody film will definitely turn you on.

Bottom line: a unique work of erotic art.

Canvas of Lust

dir. Irvin Bomb
[Nasty Art Productions, 2003]

Canvas of LUST

Any exhibitionist who has ever fantasized about posing nude for a keenly observant artist's eye will appreciate *Canvas of Lust*'s steamy vignettes. Two of the scenarios follow a similar premise: shy models accompanied by their bold gal pals end up in Bomb's studio taking off their clothes and getting down and dirty. The third involves two wicked witches taking the nerdy Bomb into their gothic lair. Although it's het-guy centered lez-lite porn with a predictable lineup of activities—pussy-licking, fingering, and dildo-fucking—the actresses are hot, and three are women of color. And the art direction, for which Bomb won an AVN award, is very engaging. Art buffs and wannabe fetish painters will enjoy watching master fetish painter Bomb at work on his brushstrokes.

Bottom line: hot, creative lesbo action.

dildos, butches,
+ femmes...

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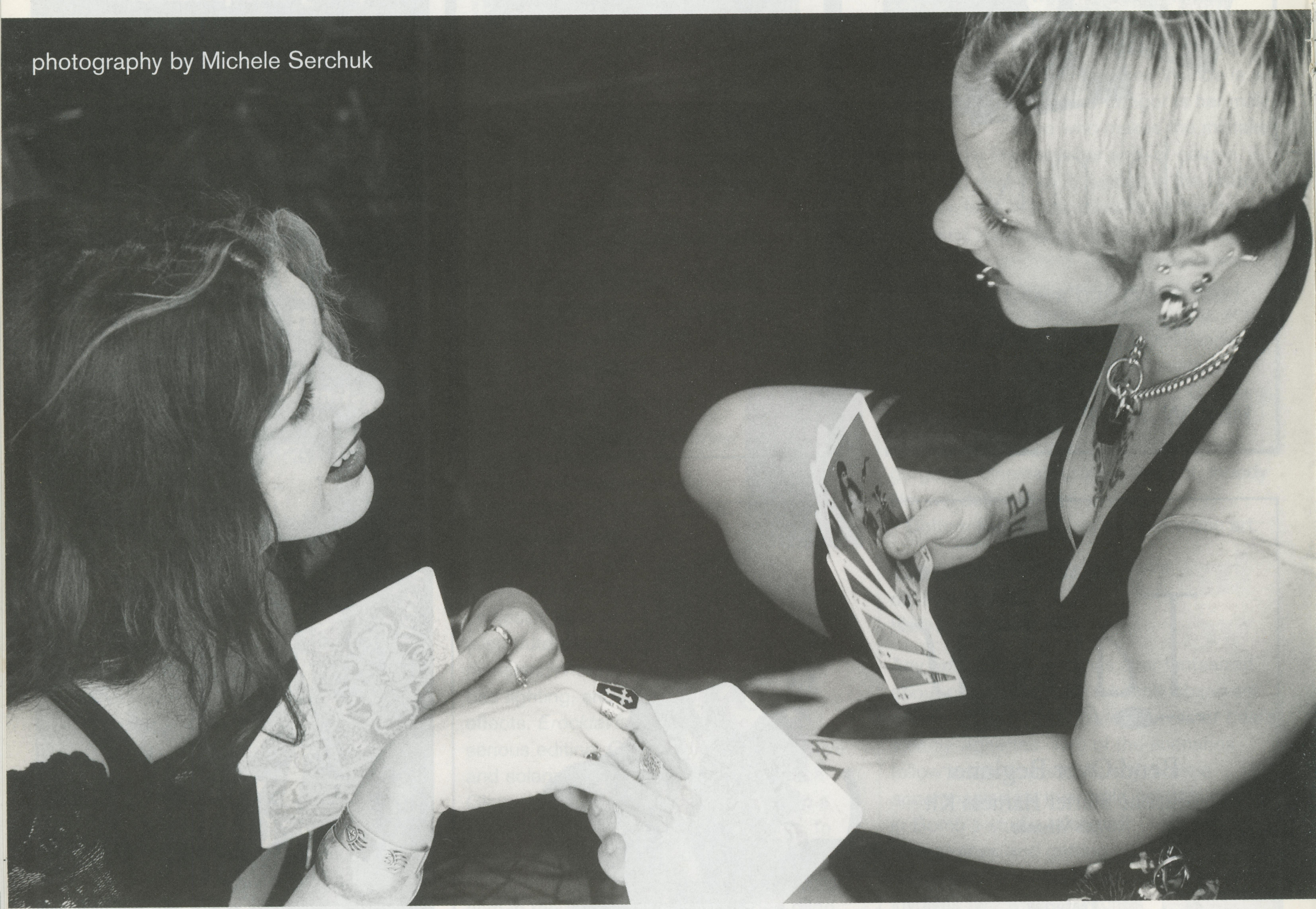
Strip Poker Sluts Sadie and Dee

Winner Gets Fucked

photography by Michele Serchuk



After winning the poker game, Dee begs Sadie to fuck her. But the gorgeous femme says "Lick my shoes first, bitch. We'll see what it gets you." Dee knows she'd better do a good job or she'll never get a taste of that cock her girlfriend is wielding. She starts slowly, paying special attention to Sadie's stocking-clad legs. When she finally runs her tongue across the high-heeled shoe, Sadie is dripping wet and eager to give Dee the fucking she begged for. **dc**

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

BI NOW, PAY LATER?

Six dykes dish the perils and pleasures of sex and love with bisexual women.

Clockwise from far left: Jackie, Fresh, Shelley, Cheri, Roxxie, and Shar

moderated by **Shar Rednour**/photography by **Shawn Tamaribuchi**

Do bi girls know how to fuck a dyke right? Is it true that all dykes are biphobic? Does desiring the masculinity of a butch automatically make you bi? And why do bi gals even want to fuck us? Shar Rednour wrassled up a group of dykes to answer these questions and more.

Shar: Do you have a "rule" regarding dating bi women?

Fresh: I date women, that's the category [laughing]. I don't date women who are *currently* dating men. Wait a minute–I just lied because I date sex workers.

Shelley: Currently I'm not dating as much as I am just sleeping with different people. I don't care if they're dating men. If I was to get into a serious relationship right now, [thoughtfully] I wouldn't care if she's bi, if I like her enough.

Cheri: I have been in a three-year committed relationship with a bi woman. When I was single and dating, I slept with women who slept with men. But in an LTR, I wouldn't want her to sleep with any men.

Roxxie: It depends on the person and how honest she is. I've dated bi and lesbian women for 26 years. The relationships that were the most painful were the ones who weren't honest or didn't know. In general I think that some people, who are otherwise sane and predictable, will do strange things that even they can't predict in regards to their sexuality. As I've gotten older, I appreciate honesty.

Shar: You mean self-honesty? Bi or not, they just need to tell you?

Roxxie: Or tell me, "Look I'm a total sexual freak, I have a boyfriend I see once a week so I can never see you on a Thursday." Then I tell myself, "Keep this emotionally casual." The most hurt I've ever been was being in a relationship with someone who was bi and who didn't tell me until she went off with a man.

Shar: Do you think she did that just to hurt you?

Roxxie: I think it's easy to go to men if you are around more men than dykes. If you are into slightly masculine women then [that desire] is often transferable.

Fresh: I spent a lot of my younger years dating straight women. It's the masculine they are attracted to and I think it's the same with bisexual women. It's the masculinity they want. I don't think that's true for every femme or woman but there's a high possibility that if she's attracted to butches, she could sleep with a guy.

Shelley: If they like a mixture of masculine and feminine, a guy who's not like Rocky.

Fresh: I disagree. One of my exes is with a very butch guy.

Shar: Do you have any special rules or boundaries for dating bi women?

Fresh: Safe sex. I am really into oral sex and I want to know what I am getting into. I may choose to not have oral sex.

Cheri: No to sleeping with men. Recently Amy and I opened up our relationship but not to men.

Shar: Do you know why? [Cheri shrugs] Germaphobia? Safe-sex issue? Emotional issue?

Cheri: It's a man issue.

Roxxie: That's interesting because that's how a lot of guys are about their girlfriends. It's okay to sleep with another woman but not with a man.

Cheri: Why do they say that?

Roxxie: I think it's a dominance thing and to be The One. Is it inherent in masculinity?

Jackie: My sexual identity has a lot to do with it—not my lover's identity but *mine* which is wrapped around sexual dominance, top role, possession. I got very precise about what I needed right before I got with Shar.

Shar: So many femmes just want butches, but then when it's hard to get laid as a femme dyke they inevitably pick a man over no sex. Me and my friend Bridgette are two of the few femme dykes who love femme women and would not go off with a guy. That's a whole other roundtable...

Cheri: Amy and I have ongoing issues that change or come up organically. I didn't understand why or how I had biphobia. At first I would just get upset about her past with men. When I'm around men I feel smaller than them. I worked at a Fortune 500 company for four years; as an Asian woman I always felt that they were judging me.

Shelley: I think when I first came out I was pretty biphobic. I spent a long time growing up seeing all these girls I had crushes on go off with guys. I feel better about it now.

Shar: How many concerns about bi women are really issues with men and not worries or jealousy or insecurity in a relationship?

Jackie: STDs.

Shelley: It's a power thing.

Fresh: I think it's sad when bi dykes go with men because it's easier. It's easier to get married. It's easier to make a family. Even today it's still hard to be gay. There are people in the closet even in San Francisco.

Shar: I had a lot of class issues regarding my ex liking men. You are picking someone with first-class citizenship. I admit I have a lot of class concerns though—I hated her liking rich girls, too.

Fresh: A guy can provide for you if you want security. If you don't believe that, things work out and money comes, which is how a lot of lesbians get by.

Shelley: I have an ex who had a hard life and, frankly, this was one thing that could be easy for her.

Roxxie: I wish that bi women would get more behind lesbian issues. Matter of fact, I wish everyone in the universe who ever liked us, or who are our friends or family would get behind lesbian issues. If for just one day they thought what would it be like to be lesbian today and vote, what would that be like? We need to make coalitions with these people so close to us. For Miss So-and-So to be able to get her pussy licked on Tuesday just because she wants to. To get to have an experimental range—we fuckin' made that happen.

i learned incredible amounts ABOUT MY OWN SEXUALITY from bi women.

Jackie: They wouldn't be getting any lesbo action if it wasn't us existing here as dykes.

Fresh: Exactly.

Jackie: We can be grateful for all the bi's who are at the forefront, especially women who have privilege or access. We just need more of them. As long as you are aligning your politics and putting your ass on the streets, then I'm fine.

Fresh: But going back to jealousy issues, I would feel more threatened by a butch than a guy.

Jackie: Sexually, I now would have more issues with a butch top than a man.

Shar: Let's list all the pluses of dating bi women.

Shelley: Bi women are more likely to fuck you.

Roxxie: That's true.

Shelley: They aren't big pillow queens—not that all femme—

Shar: Of course, but no qualifying! Remember we are OpinioNation.

Fresh: I like that bi women are the *least* likely to try to fuck me.

Shar: Bi women always think they are going to get a lot of oral sex, so that's good for you, right? [Shar teases and Fresh smiles, nodding affirmatively.]

Roxxie: I learned incredible amounts about my own sexuality from bi women. I can tell them things that just, for example, if I told another butch top we would get stuck in those roles and I would be afraid of judgment.

Cheri: I've learned so much about sex. They are so enlightened about sex because they aren't at one end or the other. They know how to flow within the place of sexuality. Another plus is often they are attracted to fluidity. Whether it's butch, FTMs, men, women—I am not stuck with who I am and who I can be with.

Shar: On Craigslist there has been a firestorm of e-mails regarding bi women only wanting femmes—and there is always a lot of backlash to those postings from butches and femmes. *But* not all women requesting femme women are butch-phobic.

Fresh: But a lot of them are butch-bashing.

Cheri: I was at the bi conference and was in a room with 200 women who were saying they would love to date lesbians for LTRs but they are afraid.

Jackie: You mean they have biphobia-phobia? [we laugh]

Cheri: If you're a bi woman and I have biphobia, then why would you date me if you know there's going to be grief coming your way?

Fresh: I believe that everyone's bi and I don't know how many choose men because it's safe.

Jackie: We're lifers.

Cheri: So it's all these fears we have about being with bi women, battling my own assumptions about men, sweating all that out, and then thinking about class and privilege and what's hindering us from being with bi women? Then turning that around to say "what's hindering them from being with us?" **oob**

Dykes with dicks: Rachel (front) and Claire.

rachel venning & claire cavanah

The Babeland babes celebrate ten years in the biz with a new book and a new store.

interview by **Michelle Tea**

Rachel Venning and Claire Cavanah are Toys in Babeland—the chick-centric, hella queer sex-accessory boutique chain, with a flagship store located in the rather moist town of Seattle, Washington; another classy shop situated in the grimy glory of New York City's lower East Side; and a brand-spanking new joint freshly opened in the sleek maw of upscale commerce—SoHo, NYC. Not only that, the pair just published their first book—*Sex Toys 101: A Playfully Uninhibited Guide*. It's got a bright red cover decorated with, among other things, a row of clit-tickling cock rings that look, laid out all artsy like that, like a row of candy-colored crystalline snowflakes. I got to have some phone chats with the charming Rachel and the Claire, both of whom, I'm happy to say, wear glasses.

RACHEL VENNING: BUTT PLUG LOVE

On Our Backs: How did *Sex Toys 101* come to be? And how is it different from the other sex instruction books on the market?

RV: The design and photographs of *Sex Toys 101* are colorful and vibrant. We wanted a book that would show the toys as we see them—sexy, great looking, and each one promising delight. The text is down to earth, and we tried to make it funny, and we generally just smushed all the queer and straight and trans sex stuff in together.

OOB: What's the story with your Seattle store's old dressing room?

RV: The original dressing room had electric vibrators plugged in and ready for people to try (over their panties). That really fascinated and confused people—they didn't know whether or not they were allowed to have sex back there. So we would get calls—"How much for half an hour in your back room?"—and sometimes we'd have to go knock really loud to get people to come out. The dressing room appeared in a sexy story in an erotica collection: someone's fantasy of what could happen. They didn't just have vibrators, they had dildos, butt plugs, and help from the salesperson! It was flattering to be recognized and written about. Ultimately we took out the vibes and made the room smaller, took out the ambiguity—it's just for trying on harnesses.

OOB: What was your first experience with a vibrator?

RV: I'd never had an orgasm until I got a vibrator. I'd gotten the sex manuals, done the masturbation homework, but my hand was not enough. I just got bored. So when I got that vibrator and had an orgasm—actually I had about fifteen that first day—it changed my life. It felt fantastic and really inspired me to spread the word. I'm a vibrator saleswoman who really believes in her product.

OOB: Can those vibrators numb you out forever or what? The big honkin' Magic Wands?

RV: No. A long session may leave you feeling numb for a little while, but the puss doesn't take much recovery time to get back to full sensitivity.

OOB: I know you were just on the Rikki Lake show—what was that like?

RV: It's a lot of pressure to feel like here's the chance to say something that might help people feel better about themselves sexually, to represent sex positivity. TV happens so fast. You get like one sentence, so you don't want to blow it.

OOB: What were you doing before opening up the first Toys in Babeland?

RV: I worked at a chocolate factory. It's all about bodily pleasures with me, baby.

OOB: What have been the biggest changes and trends you've seen during the past ten years in the business?

RV: Mainstream culture is becoming a lot more open and accepting of sexual expression and sexual difference. We used to be seen as strange, selling dildos, and now people respect us and they want toys.

OOB: What the biggest myth about sex toys?

RV: The myth is that toys will replace your lover or that wanting to have sex with toys means that your lover is inadequate. It's a myth that a sex toy will make your lover obsolete.

OOB: What's the most common reason folks come in?

RV: Women come in all the time searching out that first orgasm, and everyone wants to have better orgasms. Lots of dyke couples getting a strap-on together; straight couples too, these days.

OOB: What are your biggest sellers?

RV: Our top sellers are the Magic Wand, the Rabbit Habit, and the Pocket Rocket. Three great vibrators. And lube. We hook everyone up with lube because lube is the greatest. Lube is to sex what olive oil is to cooking.

OOB: Any personal faves?

RV: Magic Wand, Liquid Silk lube, Terra Firma Harness, Vixen dildos (I like Brando), Rosebud plugs, Sarah Lashes floggers—I could go on and on. I have a huge toy chest. Like how some girls are with shoes, I am with toys. Especially butt plugs. Each one is special, and I fall in love with them.

CLAIRE CAVANAH OWNS ANAL SEX

OOB: How was the opening party for your new SoHo store? Any famous people show up?

Claire Cavanah: It was so crowded. We had to have people stand at the door 'cause we were at capacity. The whole city came! We had JD from Le Tigre playing music. Candida Royalle came. She makes porn for women, she's the originator. The original maker of silicone dildos came, that was my favorite part of the party. There he was in his wheelchair. The reason he started making dildos is because he was paralyzed in an industrial accident after moving here from the Caribbean to work. He was very regal, all dressed up, and he had this beautiful younger woman pushing his wheelchair. For me that was the greatest moment.

OOB: How did Toys in Babeland get started?

CC: It was sort of like a whim, in a way. Rachel was really interested, and we're best friends. It was really two things—meaningful work for us, and seeing a need and filling it. Having a culturally relevant business was really important for us. I was trying to make movies, but didn't have the ambition for it. Employing people is something that's been really satisfying.

> "like how some girls are with shoes, I AM WITH TOYS. ESPECIALLY BUTT PLUGS. each one is special, and i fall in love with them."

OOB: It's so important that there are places that will hire someone who looks visibly queer, or freaky or weird.

CC: Yeah, it's dress how you want, to some degree, choose your own gender—stuff like that has become really satisfying. Queerness has never been a problem—we are queer. That's one of our strong suits. As queers we've gotten to think about sex in so many different ways, cause we're marginalized from the start.

OOB: Did you grow up in Seattle?

CC: I'm from Casper, Wyoming. I'm a country mouse.

OOB: What were you doing for work before you opened the first store?

CC: I spent a long time unemployed, it was really fun! Mostly what I was doing was getting coffee for people who make movies. I also worked in publishing, as did Rachel; that's where we met. I was working at a tourist spot and a coffee shop, I had two jobs when Rachel and I decided to open Toys in Babeland. It was my Saturn return moment: It was time for me to apply myself to something, and this was the best thing that came along.

OOB: Is it really illegal to sell dildos in Massachusetts?

CC: It's not legal on the books. People still do it. It's like how it's illegal to spit on the sidewalk or something, an antiquated old thing.

OOB: How has it been setting up in New York City?

CC: When we moved the business out here, I was worried about translating the West Coast to the East Coast. I think starting in Seattle was great because it's so tolerant. It's closer to Japan than it is to anywhere else in the country, it feels like. It's taken a while, but it feels like New York City's warmed up to Babeland. Now that we're really doing it here I'm like—we are sassy!

OOB: What's it like to work on the floor at a sex shop?

CC: I haven't been on the floor in a while, but when I was in touch with customers I got to see the inside story of what they do in bed. I was surprised at how many people have anal sex. I thought I was one of three people who liked that! These people would walk up to the anal table and I'd think—Wow, you too? I don't know why I felt like I owned anal sex, but I did for a while.

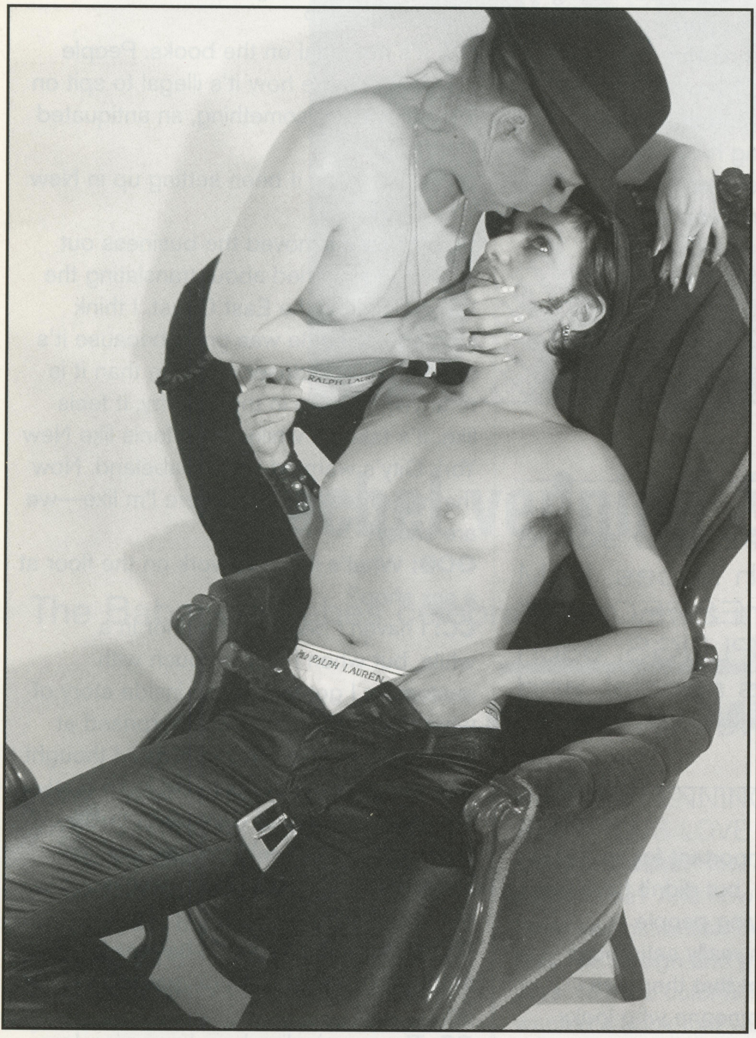
OOB: Have you noticed changes in attitudes toward sex since you started this up in 1993?

CC: The marginalized are becoming less marginalized. It's all becoming okay so rapidly! For women, the permission is everywhere to go buy yourself a vibrator! I just read that Gwynyth Paltrow went into The Pleasure Chest and bought a Rabbit Habit. And you know it was her publicist that called that into the *Post*!"

Michelle Tea is the author of *Passionate Mistakes, Valencia,* and *The Chelsea Whistle.*

SYBIL +ONDINE

HOT FEMME FAGS



photography by DARKPLAY

Sybil has a raging hard-on for Ondine. She wants that cute boy's big tool in her ass, and she knows just how to get it. The horny slut sucks Ondine off like a pro. She pays special attention to all the most sensitive parts until Ondine gets so hot she bends Sybil over and fucks her ass hard, the way they both like it. **dc**

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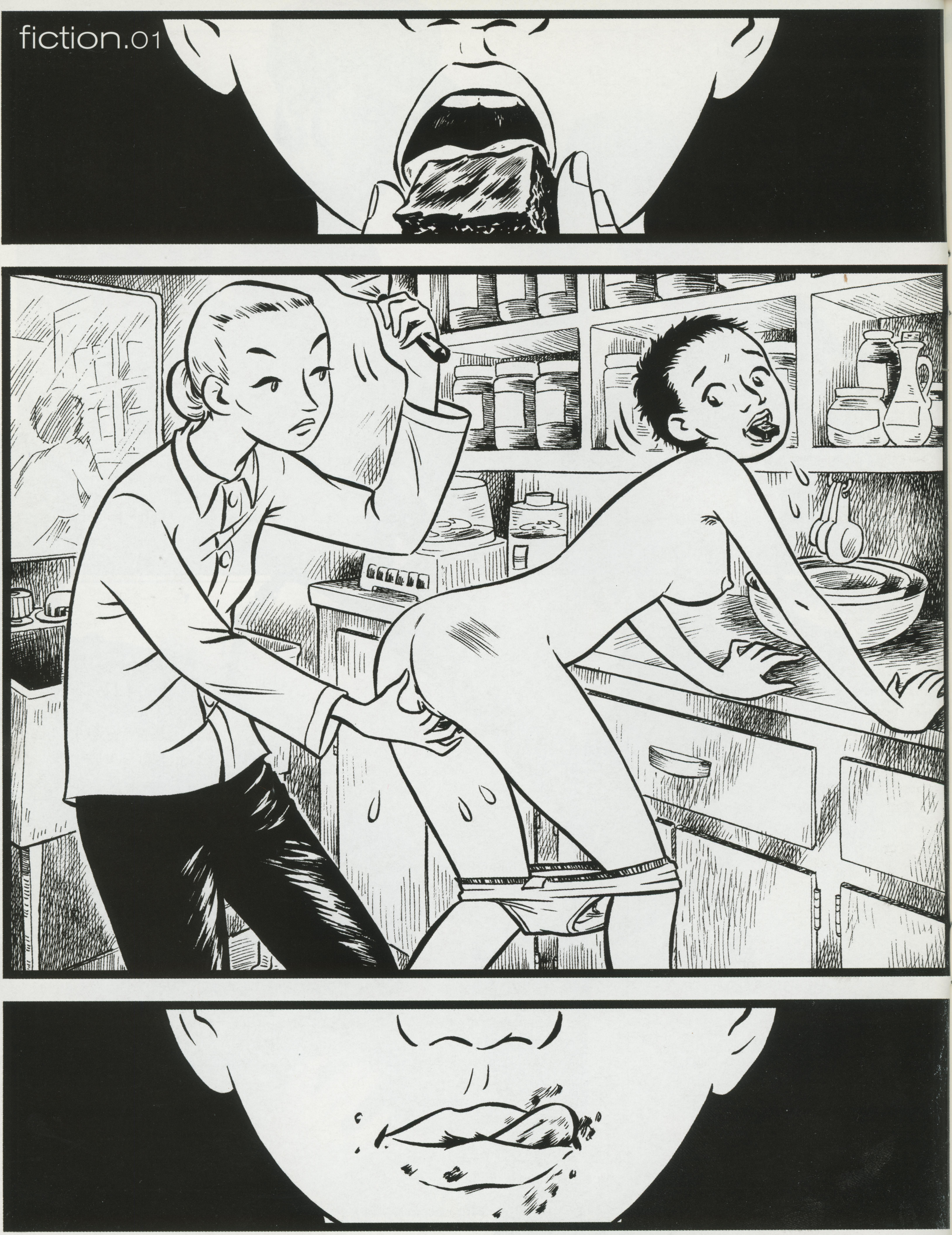

OUI, CHEF

by **Joy VanNuys**

illustration by **Colleen Coover**

I'm a baby butch. Not that I'm so young, but I haven't been a butch long. Said goodbye, feminist vegetarian collective restaurant, and hello, New York. Changed my clothes, changed my hair, changed my head. The one thing I haven't quite changed is my pussy.

On the phone, she said, "Short hair only, or hair pulled back. Short fingernails. White undershirt, black pants. Sturdy black shoes."

"You're playing my song," I told her.

"Meet me at the site at 8 a.m.," she answered and hung up in my ear. Maybe I said the wrong thing. Maybe Pride Caterers just means that she's got hubris about her hummus.

I check my look in the mirror. I still miss the swish and flow of long hair, but I love the new, cool breeze on my neck. My head is fuzzy, light, free. Pants are tight, not too tight. The black and red western shirt I stole from my brother's dresser on the way out of town is perfect. Broad enough in the shoulders to hide me, funky enough to give me away. I'm going to be so late. This woman is going to kill me.

The party is at a foundation's headquarters, and I jog past tables set with china and crystal. No wheatgrass juicer in sight. The big time.

"Hey, I'm Kay," I say to the back of a white chef's coat as I swing open the door to the kitchen.

She turns, her face a smooth mask framed by henna-red hair. She is six feet tall or more, her body lean and spare. Never trust a skinny chef, they say. Her skin is a pale ivory, Irish skin like in the soap commercial. Yeah, Irish, but not Baileys-sipping sweet old lady Irish. Mean, fourth-grade step-dance teacher Irish. An ice cube shiver runs from the nape of my neck to my crotch, stopping along the way to perk my nipples hard. Down, girl.

"Good morning, Chef," she says.

"Oh, I'm not really a chef. I'm just the catering assistant. I think we spoke on the phone? My name is Kay, I'm from Connecticut, I just moved to New York, I..."

"'Good morning, Chef' is how you will greet me. If I ask you a question, you will respond 'Oui, Chef' or 'Non, Chef.' Is that clear?"

This speech turns my guts to jelly. Her green eyes, flat and rich, conjure memories: gallons of guacamole, ruined by the collective's compromise of sprouts. Pea soup, asparagus puree, spinach mousse.

"Yes. I mean, oui, Chef. Are you French? I mean, you don't sound French."

"Oui, Chef. Non, Chef."

"Oui, Chef."

"Very well." She hands me a white chef's coat with Pride Catering embroidered on one side. "Change into this and begin prepping the desserts."

"Oui, Chef." I grab the jacket and bolt for the nearest door. It's not a bathroom, as I'd hoped, but a small pantry with a mirror and a sink.

I shuck off my shirt, and button the jacket from the bottom, transforming from Western Wear Dyke to Caterer Dyke with a few quick movements. Then I have to stop. I move my shoulders forward and suck in my gut. The middle button buttons, just barely. If I stand perfectly still, I'm fine. When I move, there's a definite gap. Shit.

Poking through the cabinets for an Ace bandage or some duct tape, I curse the urge that made me reach for the wifebeater this morning instead of something with a bit more support. Chef jackets aren't supposed to fit tight. I'm a pretty small person, except for... well, you know. I unbutton the jacket and press my palms to my chest, willing the flesh to melt away and leave me with smooth, uncomplicated bones, muscles, and skin. Instead, my nipples purr, wait to be petted.

she shifts her hand, pressing MY CLIT DOWN HARD WITH HER THUMB, and letting two fingers curl around to PROBE MY OPENING. she teases me with her fingertips, making MY CUNT OPEN AND CLOSE for her.

There is a hard rap on the door. "I need you. Now." I button up. My stiff nipples threaten to tear tiny round holes through my undershirt, but the thick cotton jacket holds them flat. She nods her approval, but I feel like my tits are on display, served up with the pastries for general consumption. The waiters, all gay boys and straight girls, filter in and out of the kitchen, not noticing me.

I snap on latex gloves, ball melon, slice strawberries, and make fruit kabobs. She watches my knife skills, studying my hands

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FOR THE LOVE OF THE FUZZY CUP

story by **nicole foster** illustration by **kelly fisher**

"Make sure you spread that chocolate all the way into your pussy," P.J. slurred with a sexy smile.

The short and sweet gist of it is this: Somehow my dream of getting myself into the SoHo loft of dyke-about-town photographer P.J. Jones had actually come to fruition. For the past two years I'd been scratching and surviving as a waitress in the East Village lesbian restaurant The Fuzzy Cup; something I did to make ends meet so I could spend my free time working on my great American lezzie novel. I'd spotted P.J. around town and at the restaurant sometimes, but she'd always been a little cold—actually she was more like a goddamn iceberg. Whenever I waited on her at The Fuzzy Cup, she acted like I didn't exist. She always returned my subtle flirting with a robotic nod, preferring instead to bury herself in the piles of negatives and portfolios she had spread across her table.

But tonight I was in P.J.'s loft because The Fuzzy Cup was in dire financial straits, and Pattie and Melissa—the salt-and-pepper butches who ran the joint and who also happened to be P.J.'s best friends—had the zany idea of producing a fundraising calendar called "The Girls of the Fuzzy Cup," with each month featuring one of the gorgeous dykes from the restaurant posing with a food item. Each spread even included a recipe. When Melissa asked me if I'd cover my nude body in chocolate for the December page and have P.J. photograph me in her loft, I foresook modesty and practically sprinted to her place from my railroad flat in Williamsburg.

So here I was, Cassie McConnell, a nice Irish girl transplanted from Missouri, spread-eagled on P.J. Jones's sticky parquet floor. And before I get to the nitty-gritty, let me tell you this: P.J. Jones is no ordinary butch hottie. No, she is a super-hotty. A dyed-in-the-wool butch with messy black hair, freaking azure eyes, and a sneer that would make even George W. Bush run for cover.

"I don't think I can get to this little spot," I said to P.J., in a campy but sultry whisper. She'd given me a big bowl of melted chocolate along with a clean paintbrush to access all the difficult-to-reach places, one of which happened to be my vulva.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to do it myself," she said flatly. I could tell by the empty Heinekens on the end table that she'd had a few beers before I'd come over. Which was fine by me. This was the loosest I'd ever seen Ms. I'm-Too-Scared-to-Look-Sexy-Femmes-in-the-Eye.

P.J. got down on her knees next to me on the floor. She dipped a long index finger into the chocolate mixture, then whispered, hot and heavy, into my ear, "Open up, Christmas Cassie."

And open up I did. But then P.J. did something surprising. Instead of applying the chocolate to my swollen lips, she stuck her finger into her luscious mouth and sucked the stuff right off. "Mmm," she said. "Now, I wonder what's sweeter? You or the candy?"

"FUCK ME HARD," i whispered in her ear.

When my eyes grew big as chocolate coins, P.J. knew what to do. She went down on me faster than you can ring a dinner bell. In fact, she ate me out like I was her last meal ever. Between the chocolate and my flowing juices, my hot pussy was sopping wet. She focused her attention on my hard bud, taking it into her mouth and licking under the hood. "Oh, girl, you are sweet," my hot butch cried out.

She continued to slurp under the hood and around my clit, then flicked it back and forth with her tongue. I ran my fingers through her silky dark curls as she sucked and licked my entire vulva, her saliva mixing with my juices and the melted chocolate.

"I think there's probably a little more sugar deep inside," P.J. cooed, and boy, was I raring to go after that tongue treatment. She easily slid two fingers into my hungry hole.

"Fuck me hard," I whispered in her ear. She rode my body as she penetrated me, her faded jeans and black tee sticking to the chocolate covering me from the neck down. My entire snatch was on fire as I gazed into those sexy baby blues. As she fucked me, she covered my mouth in delicious, sloppy wet kisses.

"Fucking you hard is easy," she told me. "You're a goddamn goddess, Cass." With her left hand she ran her fingers through my long red curls, pulled my head back a little, and nipped me playfully on the neck.

"If I'm such a goddess, how come you never gave me the time of day before?" I panted while she fucked me like a jackhammer.

P.J. said nothing for a moment, then whispered, without looking me in the eye, "Just shy, I suppose..."

I guess I'd hit a soft spot with her, because she pulled away a little, then kissed a tender, sweet trail down my body. When she reached my plump tits and licked the chocolate right off my hard nips, I thought I was going to explode.

And man, did I explode! A huge, gooey, chocolatey-delightful orgasm traveled through my entire body—from my red-hot puss to my sticky abdomen to my breasts to my quivering lips. "Genius Chrysler!" I screamed out, my body hot and cold and shivering and burning and just plain ol' freaking out.

Afterward, I lay spent on her hardwood floor, a mess of chocolate and saliva and cum covering us both.

"So, you think you'll be ordering in more often now?" I chuckled as P.J. ran a gentle hand over my well-worked snatch.

"Oh, yeah, Cass," she said. "I'm sure of it. But I'll tell you one thing: I'm really glad Melissa didn't ask you to be Miss July."

"How come?"

"That poor girl had to do hummus," she said, and we both laughed till we cried.

Nicole Foster is the editor of seven volumes of lesbian erotica. She lives in Los Angeles.

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chef

as I try not to impale my finger on a bamboo skewer. As I finish, she brings over a pan of brownies. "My specialty," she says. "Cut them into perfect one-inch squares."

I steel my knife a few times, working up the nerve to cut into the smooth surface of the chocolate rectangle. My first cut is straight and true, and I let myself breathe, begin to trust my hands. The scent is seductive, and my stomach growls. I am dying to taste one, but I know her eyes are on me. Finally, I slip a crumb into my mouth and feel the chocolate spread over my palate, rousing each taste bud as it flows. I have never been so happy. Brownies always seemed one-dimensional before. Sweet, sure, but that's all. This melting mouthful engages my entire tongue. A dusting of flour, streaked with cocoa, speckled with espresso and studded with bittersweet chunks of chocolate, chocolate, chocolate. Yum. Jesus, am I blushing? I turn and reach for a platter in an upper cabinet. As my arm goes up, I feel a firm hand on my lower back, steadying me. Another hand slides over my armpit, and I feel strong fingers squeeze my breast. My breath stalls, then comes hard and fast. My arm is frozen in the air, the platter shuddering, as she shakes her hand up and down, back and forth. She hisses in my ear, "Finish the brownies, and go to the pantry."

"Oui, Chef. Should I..."

"The pantry."

"Oui, Chef." She saw me. Eating during service. Touching my sterile gloved hand to my mouth. She's definitely going to fire me.

She carries a gold-rimmed dessert plate into the pantry, a small square of brownie in its center. I sneak a look at her face and see that her pale skin is streaked with red, a flush moving over her cheeks. I wish I knew what that means.

"Open your jacket," she tells me. Oh God, she noticed. I undo each button, then slide it off my shoulders. My nipples are instantly hard, whether from the change in temperature or from the scrutiny of her eyes, I'm not sure.

"Take off your undershirt. Hands behind your head."

Okay, reality check. I'm in New York, in a pantry somewhere. My chef is asking me to show her my bare tits. When a chef speaks, you do what she says. Besides. I want to. Her hands are impossibly cold. Pastry hands, my grandmother called them. Her hands move down to weigh each breast, lifting them from beneath. "Your breasts are very large. Why are they not properly restrained?"

"I don't know, Chef."

Her fingertips dig into my areolas, roll my nipples back and forth. "When you don't wear a brassiere, people can see your nipples. They can see the size and shape of your breasts."

I've never been so embarrassed. I've never been so hot. I am sweating, and I think my pussy is dripping down my leg. Can she smell the chocolate on my breath?

"Oui, Chef."

"Are you ashamed of these breasts? The girls all want big breasts. They pay for them, even. But you want to be a boy, don't you?"

"Oui, Chef."

"Take down your pants," she tells me. I am afraid to obey, afraid not to. I don't look down, but I suspect that my memory is not wrong, that this morning I proudly put on my brand-new briefs, fresh from the boys' department at Macy's. My thighs tell me that they are soaked through.

Her palm pats my crotch gently, then harder. "Is there a dick in there? No? Then why do you need this?" she demands, pulling open the split-front.

I can't imagine an answer to this question. My response is a moan that comes from a place inside me where I've never been before.

Her fingers slip inside and work my lips apart. Is there a dick in there? Maybe. My clit is so hard that it's straining toward her touch, and I gasp as she grasps the base and pinches hard.

"Does that excite you?"

"Oui, Chef."

She shifts her hand, pressing my clit down hard with her thumb, and letting two fingers curl around to probe my opening. She teases me with her fingertips, making my cunt open and close for her.

"There we are. You are a girl, aren't you? Show me."

I squeeze her fingers with all my might.

"Oui, Chef."

She slips her hand from my underpants and I whimper a little, against my will. She picks up the brownie and holds it in front of my mouth. "Would you like a bite?"

I smell my pussy, smell chocolate, on her fingers. "Oui, Chef."

"Put your hands on the counter. Your bottom in the air," she tells me.

"Open your mouth." She places the brownie between my lips.

"If you bite it, or let it drop from your mouth, you'll be very sorry."

She slides down the waistband of my briefs and gives my ass a light caress.

Then I feel it—a fish spatula? a cake turner?—smack down hard. I almost let the brownie drop, but my lips hold on, even as I feel the sting again.

Tears come to my eyes. Just a few, not from the pain. Not from the humiliation. From the relief.

"You will be a proper young lady." Smack. "Do you understand?"

I nod my head slowly, trying not to let a crumb drop.

"You will wear a brassiere," she tells me. Smack. Smack.

"You will wear panties." Smack. Smack.

My mind is quiet, waiting for the next impact, but instead I feel her hand rubbing me, calming my sore skin.

"Do you wish to come?" she asks.

"Oui, Chef," I whimper.

"Then do it quickly. We still have guests, you know." Her fingers, now warm, slide between my legs, push deep into my pussy. I clench, flood, come and come, hard and quick, as she instructed.

"Swallow," she tells me. The brownie is a lake of chocolate saliva. I lap it with my tongue, feel it coat my teeth and soothe my throat.

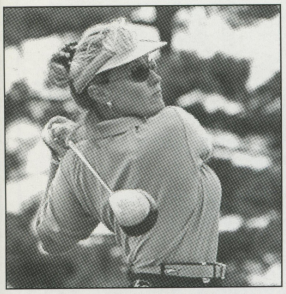
"You may stand and dress." I raise my body, feeling the strain in the backs of my calves, the cool air on my butt cheeks. Afraid to look at her, I pull on my undershirt, button my pants. Finally, I look into her eyes. She smiles, and wipes my mouth with her thumb.

"I think you'll do very well. Will forty hours a week be suitable for you?"

"Oui, Chef," I tell her. "Oui." **oob**

media.whore

compiled by Diana Cage

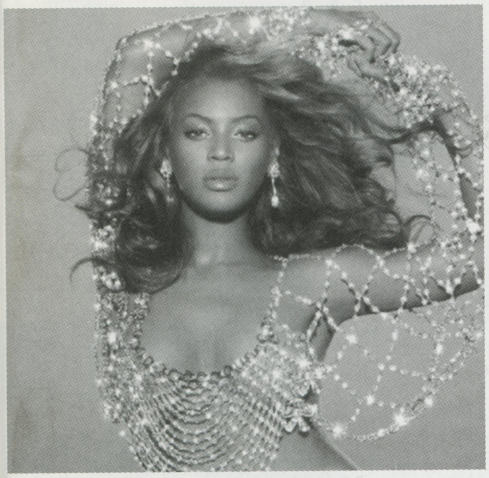


◀"Society is more open now about gay relationships, but it does hurt the tour. It hurts with sponsors. But if you had two gorgeous girls who were gay, I don't think that would hurt."

LPGA player Jan Stephenson in Golf Magazine

"AIDS...has grown so fast because of the availability of condoms."

Archbishop of Nairobi, Raphael Ndingi Nzeki



▲"I'd like to clarify any confusion over some quotes that were attributed to me totally out of context in a recent interview, I have never judged anyone based on his or her sexual orientation and have no intention of starting now. I have a lot of gay and lesbian fans, and I love them no differently than my straight fans."

Statement recently posted to the front page of Beyonce Knowles' Web site.

"For me, it's hotter to give women a backward glance than men."

Christina Aguilera, in the German online magazine Netzeitung.

▲"I have standards. **THERE ARE THINGS I WILL NOT DO.** I knew it was going to happen from rehearsals, but it was still a shock when they did it."

Beyonce Knowles referring to the kiss between Britney Spears and Madonna at the 2003 MTV Video Music Awards to London's The Sun.

"All the old arguments, including unit cohesion and bad effects on morale, have been disproven. What we are left with the only remaining 'justification' is prejudice. It took many painful years to bring African Americans and women into full citizenship in our country. Let's not let it take years more to do the same for gay and lesbian Americans who want to serve their country in her armed forces."

Dr. Michael Rankin, a retired Navy captain and Vietnam combat veteran, speaking with Servicemembers Legal Defense Network

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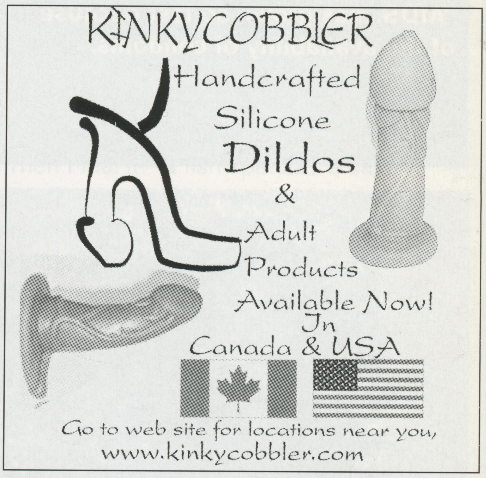
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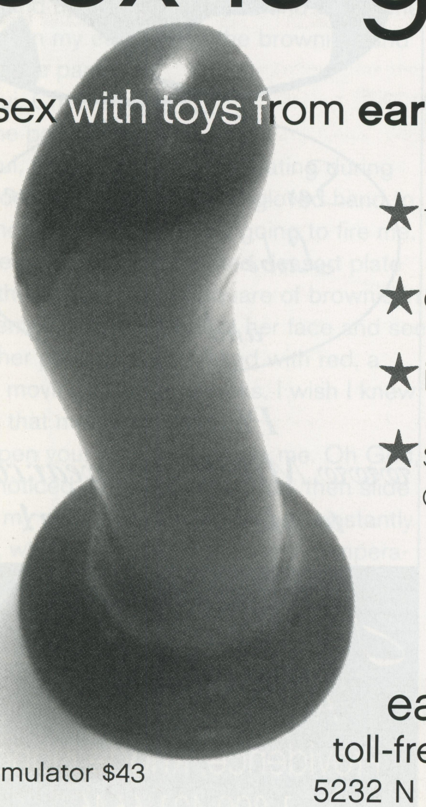
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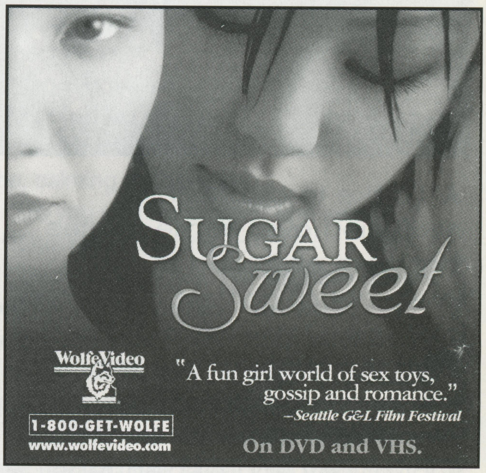
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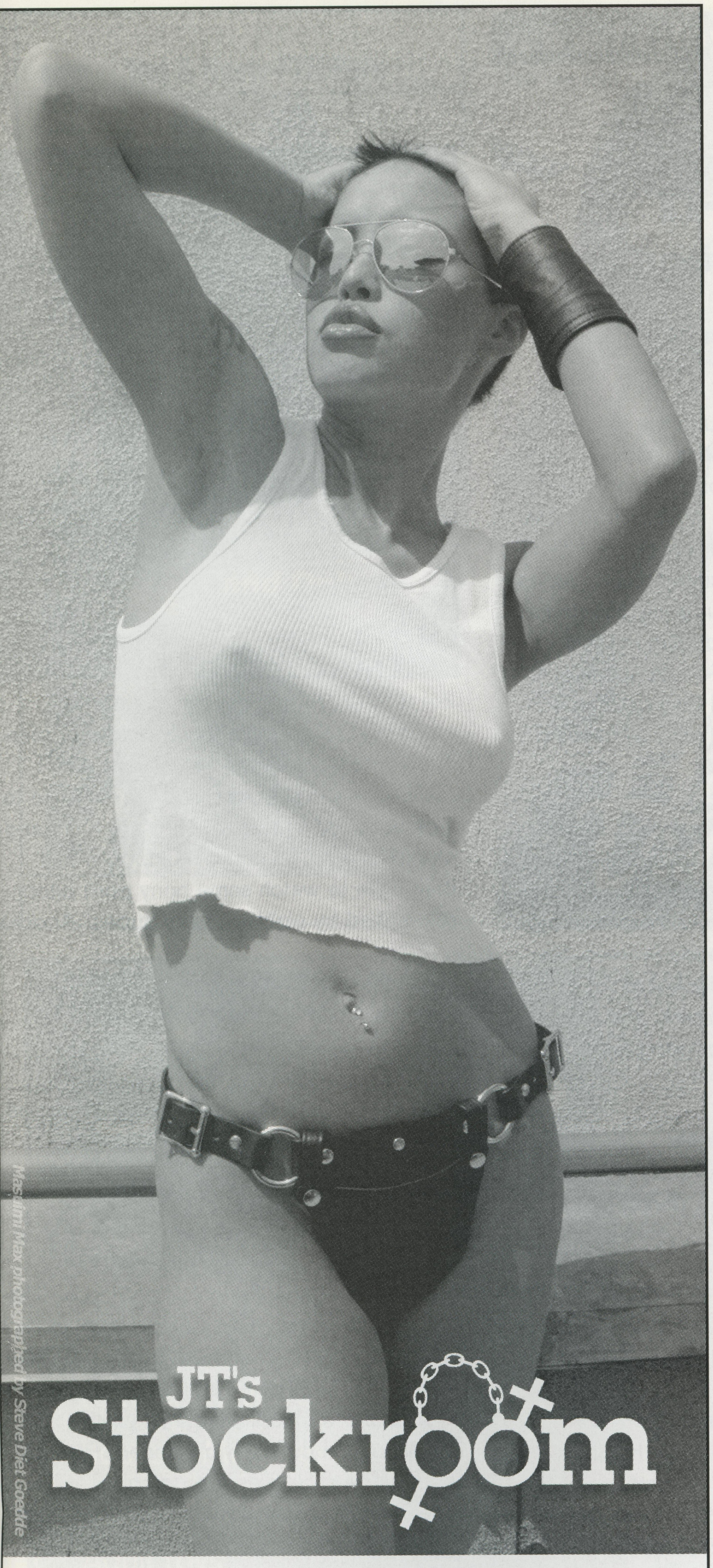
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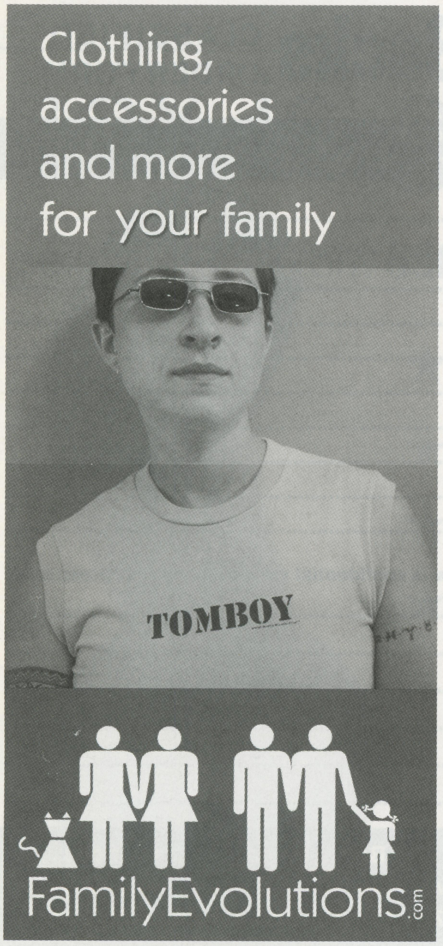
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Do you like STRAIGHT PORN magazines?

compiled by Diana Cage

Stuffed Snatch

I like *Taboo* a lot. Although the jizz can be slightly nauseating, I find myself anxiously awaiting my monthly dose of the sexually extreme and forbidden. Anything that can actually challenge me or cause me to wince is welcome and appreciated. Cunts spread open and stuffed with ungodly amounts of goodies are hot, hot, hot. When I find myself—a size queen—contemplating, "how in the fucking world did they get that in there," I get excited and juicy all over. *HP*

Faking It

Although it should be hot, I can't seem to get passed the fake tits, fake bodies, and fake interest on the women's faces. Fake just is not a turn on for me. And I can't get past the fact that it is made for men. So instead of enjoying it, I look and flip to the next page, and then the next, and then the next, observing with a growing sickness in my stomach. *Alex*

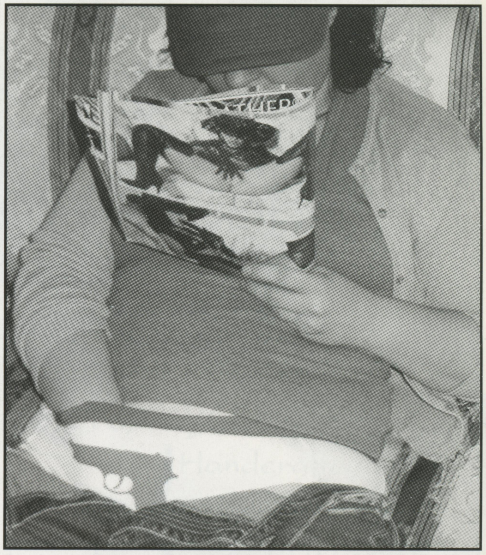
Oppressed Is Best

Good old-fashioned oppressive heteronormativity is one of the only things that still feels filthy enough to get off on. I'm just a cock-hungry slut who in real life would rather date folks who have some context for wielding a cock, or choosing a testosterone-dominated body. *Missy*

Absolutely Bovine

Taboo once ran a spread of a helpless-looking naked woman attached to a milking machine like a fucking dairy cow. Yowza. It was totally degrading and wrong—the way porn should be! Lesbian porn is almost never kinky enough to hold my interest. *Taboo* is just really pervy, and crosses lines that other mags won't dare—like the rule that says you can tie a girl up, or you can fuck her, but not both. *Diana*

Straight to Hell


SHAWN TAMARIBUCHI

Ack! Yuck! No! I hate straight porn. It's full of long nails and fake tits, and no one looks like they are having any fun. It's horrible, and not at all sexy. It's totally made for men. The women are all way too skinny. And I really hate dicks. In fact, I don't really like to look at naked men at all. They are hairy and stupid-looking. I'd rather be stuck in hell than have to watch some bony porn bitch get fucked by eighteen hairy dudes. *Andrea*

Jizz-Free Zone

I can't stomach all the guy cum. If it's just sexy naked ladies, well, that's okay. But if it's a spread of women being fucked by guys and there's cum everywhere, it makes me want to throw up. *Sandy*

Butch Enough

It depends on the porn. I am a femme who likes her butches to look as manly as possible, so often it's the straight porn that calls to me. Even when looking at strap-on sex, if a woman is remotely feminine it does nothing for me. Porn-wise I'm sort of a middle-of-the-road kinda girl, myself–*Penthouse* is definitely my speed. *Playboy* is too vanilla; *Hustler*, too graphic. I like a little icing for my imagination, but not the whole cake, if you get my meaning. So I'd have to say *Penthouse* offers just enough for my imagination to roam, as well as my fingers. *Mignon*

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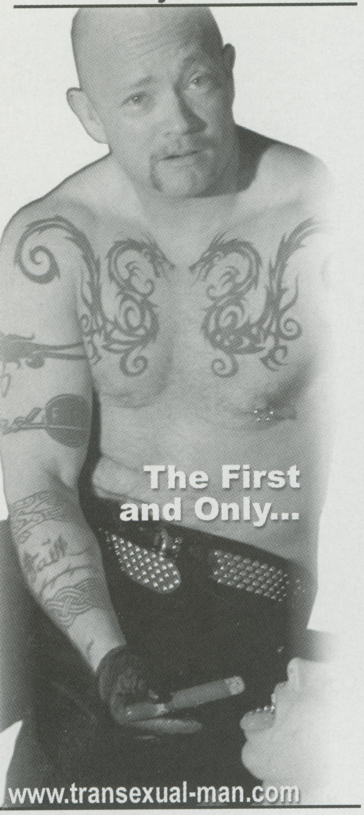

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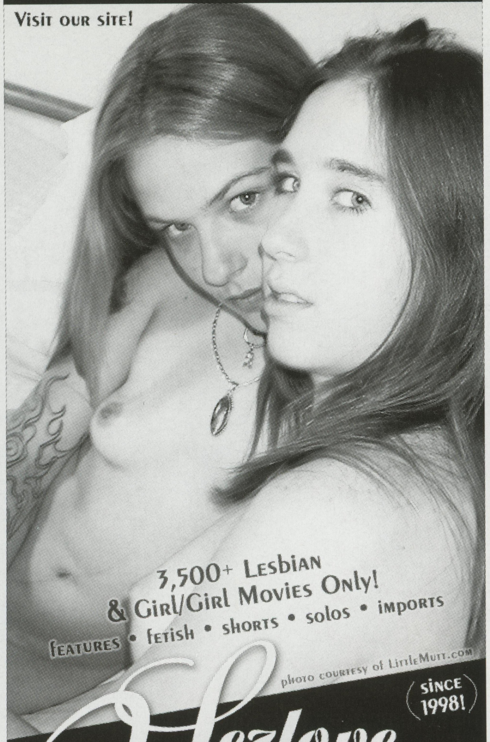

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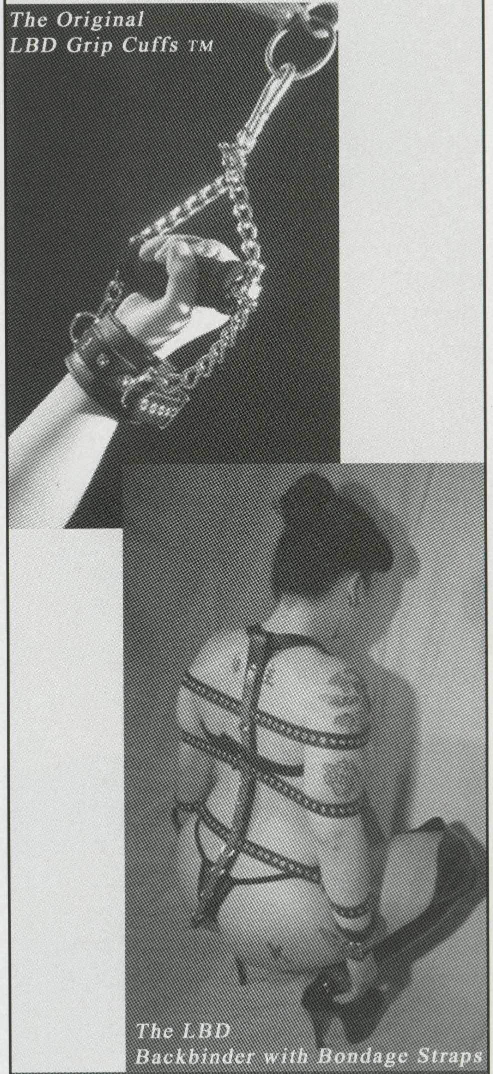

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Celebrity I resemble most: "A cross between Debra Winger, Amy Grant and me."

lollita73

Most humbling moment: "Trying on a dress in a department store and getting stuck in it and having to have my friend rip it off!"

molly_bee

Best (or worst) lie I've ever told: "Being a corporate whore is worth it."

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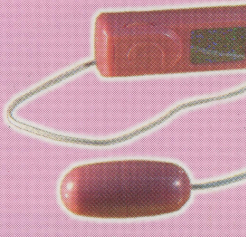

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